

WONDERFUL SCENES AT THIRD ROYAL COURT

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

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One Penny.

THE KING AND QUEEN SEE THEIR NIECE WED



The Marquis of Worcester and his bride, Lady Mary Cambridge.



Queen Mary talking to the two little bridesmaids.



Queen Alexandra talks to little Lady Rosemary Eliot (centre).

Lady Mary Cambridge was seven minutes early for her wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, yesterday, and had to wait until the King and Queen arrived. She is the Queen's niece, being a daughter of the Marquis of Cambridge, her Majesty's elder



Princess Mary with two bridesmaids, Miss Harford (centre) and Lady May Cambridge.

brother, and she married the Marquis of Worcester, the heir of the Duke of Beaufort. She wore a gown of white and silver brocade with a long train of old lace. (Daily Mirror photographs. See also pages 8, 9 and 10.)

STATE FUNDS TO TRAIN SERVANTS.

"Unnecessary" Expense, Says Citizens' Union.

CONSCRIPT MAIDS.

Plan to Teach Every Woman Housework.

"There should be no State interference respecting the conditions of employing persons in domestic service," declared Captain Stanley Abbott, general secretary of the National Citizens' Union, who gave evidence before the resumed inquiry into domestic service at the Ministry of Labour yesterday.

He said a great deal of extremism had been preached at the Committee, and the National Citizens' Union desired to urge that the expenditure of State funds upon training centres as at present set up for domestic servants was unnecessary, and the continuance of unemployment pay to women and girls was a deterrent.

More evidence from the servants' point of view was given by Mrs. E. A. Witt, superintendent of the Domestic Training Centres under the Central Committee for Women's Employment in London and Leeds.

She advocated conscription for domestic training, and said that every woman should have six months' training at a domestic training centre. The Committee adjourned.

"LIVING TOO HIGH."

Witness Thinks England Should Be Reduced to Condition of Austria.

Mr. Ousely, proprietor of a Kingston register office, said that he did not think the withdrawal of the dole would make much difference.

"I think if you could reduce the standard of living you would increase the number of servants," he added. "There is no difficulty in Germany and Austria."

"As long as you have a prosperous country you are going to have trouble over servants. The repeal of the Corn Laws struck a fatal blow at domestic service; free trade dug the grave, and free education buried it."

Mrs. Woods (chairwoman): Is your remedy for England to be reduced to the condition of Austria?—Practically, yes.

Mrs. Witt astonished Mrs. E. M. Woods by advocating "conscription" in domestic training applied to all women in all classes. Each town should have domestic training centres.

Every woman should have a certificate of six months' training.

"Home life and home duties are not popular to-day," said Mrs. Witt. "The mistresses want more time to tiddle with local affairs. If they do not spend more time at golf and tennis they have the committee habit."

Witness suggested that men could help to make the domestic girl popular by marrying her.

Captain Stanley Abbott, general secretary of the National Citizens' Union, who headed a deputation, urged that the expenditure of State funds on training centres as at present set up was unnecessary. The continuance of unemployment pay to women and girls was a deterrent against their undertaking available domestic service.

Captain Abbott said they took the standpoint of the taxpayer and the housewife. He thought the public regarded a great deal of what had appeared in the course of the committee's proceedings by way of throwing discredit upon domestic service as if it were something beneath contempt.

There was loud applause in the room when Captain Abbott declared that it was deplorable and despicable that children should be discouraged from entering domestic service by employees of the State. He said there were cases of deliberate intentional action on the part of teachers to give children an animus against it.

CRIME STORIES IN FIGURES.

	U.S.A.	Britain.
Murders	8,000	300
Detected	83	294

The difference between these two sets of figures, Mr. C. W. Rice, at Montreal, told the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, was due, says Reuter, to the way in which the British Press dealt with crime.

He held up newspapers from many U.S. cities, with front pages marked in red, where crime and murder were reported. In contrast he showed three prominent British journals with not one line about crime.

MORPETH COALITION.

In Morpeth by-election prominent Unionists in the division are now supporting Mr. Thornborough, the Liberal candidate.

APPEAL FROM DOCK.

Motor-Cycle Thief Asks for a "Fighting Chance."

"PRISON GATE ARREST."

"I have sold everything, including my Military Medal, which cost me three ribs at Neuve Chapelle."

This sentence was contained in a statement handed to the chairman at London Sessions yesterday by William John Edwards, twenty-five, a hairdresser, who pleaded guilty to stealing a motor-cycle and sidecar.

"I came out of Leicester prison last February after the only mistake of my life," Edwards continued. "I tramped all over London, but to no avail. I have walked my boots in holes and my feet red raw. Give me a fighting chance, and I will make good."

In another statement the prisoner said: "I was rearrested at the prison gate after serving ten months' and charged with forgery."

Sir Robert Wallace, K.C. (chairman): I did not know that in these days such things took place. There is nothing worse than when a man has undergone a sentence which is supposed to clear him, he should be rearrested for an offence committed years before.

A report from the prison authorities showed that the prisoner was not rearrested at the prison gate.

Edwards, however, adhered to his statement, and was sent to prison for fifteen months.

"RIOT" BY FOUR MEN.

Theft of Motor-Car Not Merely Theft—House of Lords' Decision in Appeal.

Four armed men acting in concert constitute a riot. This decision was come to in the House of Lords yesterday, when an appeal from the Irish Courts was heard.

A Wexford motor-car owner had a car held up by four armed men and stolen. When he applied to the Motor Union Insurance Company, with whom he had insured it for £300, they repudiated liability on the grounds that the loss occurred during a riot.

The Lord Chief Justice in Ireland held that the case was one of theft, and gave judgment for the car owner for £220 and costs. The Judges in the Irish Court of Appeal upheld this decision.

The insurance company now appealed to the House of Lords, who unanimously allowed their claim.

TEMPTATION IN BIBLE.

"Prodigal Son" Who Took £70 from Between Its Leaves Forgiven in Court.

"Now the prodigal son has returned I forgive him," said Mr. Harry Wakeford in Aldershot Police Court yesterday.

He asked the magistrates to allow him to withdraw a charge against his son of stealing £70.

He added: "I had some Bibles which I was sending to St. Dunstan's, and, thinking to do me a good turn, my son went to clean them."

"Seeing the notes hidden between the leaves, he yielded to temptation. He went to London with the money, met some friends, and was stabbed and robbed."

The case was withdrawn.

LOVE-LETTER TO DOCTOR

Divorce Story of Midnight Window Taps and Kisses in Train.

Stories of midnight window-tappings, kisses in a train, and love-letters from a doctor's wife to another doctor, were told in the Divorce Court yesterday, when a decree nisi was granted to Mrs. Helen Morris, on the ground of the misconduct of her husband, Mr. Henry Fairley Morris, a physician, with her sister-in-law, and of his cruelty.

Dr. Cyril Humphrey Roberts (Mrs. Morris' brother) also petitioned for divorce from his wife, citing Dr. Morris as co-respondent, and was granted a decree, with £50 damages. The parties lived near each other at Bourne End-on-Thames. Mrs. Morris said she found a letter in her sister's handwriting to Dr. Morris, in which she said: "You must always remember that I love you. You are so much more to me now than ever you were before."

When she came back from Switzerland with a friend she found her husband in the corridor of the train kissing her friend.

Mrs. Ellen Birch, cook to Mrs. Morris, said she was awakened one night in September, 1921, by tapping on a downstairs window, and heard Dr. Morris speaking and a woman's voice. Next morning witness saw marks on the paint on the inside of the window-sill, and on the outside a woman's footmarks.

HOW TO AMUSE M.P.s.

Because he was wearing a grey top-hat, Captain Arthur Evans was loudly cheered and chaffed when he rose to ask a question yesterday in Parliament.

One Labour member caused much amusement, by a parliamentary reporter, by crying: "Where did you get that hat?"

WHEN THE KING PAID

Treated as Junior Officer on Army Canteen Visits.

HIS APPRECIATION.

When the King visited Army canteens during the war he paid for his meals and insisted on being treated exactly the same as a junior officer.

Sir Alexander Prince, honorary adviser to the War Office in connection with Army institutes, made this statement yesterday to the Committee inquiring into the administration of Army and Navy canteens.

He mentioned that a letter of appreciation was received from his Majesty.

Sir F. Balfour: Was any special attempt made to do things exceptionally well during his Majesty's visits?

Sir Alexander: No; on the contrary, it was not always known when he was coming.

GIPSY IN DOCK.

Charged at Norwich with Theft in Name of Temple.

Charles Baker, the recaptured gipsy prisoner, at Norwich Police Court yesterday morning, was charged in the name of Charles Temple, his real name, with stealing money and clothing, valued at £28, belonging to the prison governor.

No other charge was mentioned in court. Evidence of arrest was given by Inspector Crome and the prisoner was remanded till to-day week.

A large crowd assembled outside the court. The proceedings lasted only a few minutes.

Baker, it will be recalled, was recaptured at Hertford on Tuesday night, after being at liberty for nearly a week.

BATTLE OF THE BANDS.

To Be Held Under "Daily Mirror" Auspices at Yarmouth.

Further particulars are now available regarding the band contest to be held under the auspices of *The Daily Mirror* at Great Yarmouth on Thursday, August 23. This contest will be open to military and civil bands, exclusive of regimental bands. The number of performers is not to exceed twenty-five.

The title place is Holst's Suite in F, and the adjudicator will be Lieutenant H. E. Adkins, Director of Music, Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall.

Full particulars can be obtained with entry forms from the Director of Music, Great Yarmouth Corporation, Great Yarmouth.

JUDGE STARTLED.

Says Trade Custom of Registering Car in Another's Name Is Crime.

At the Old Bailey yesterday a witness stated that someone had gone to the London County Council Hall and registered a motor-car in someone else's name.

He said this was frequently done in the trade. Mr. Justice Swift commented strongly upon the statement.

"It is really startling," he said. "What authority had the person?"

The Witness: None. It is not forgery.

Mr. Justice Swift replied it could not be a trade custom to permit crime. It was quite time the London County Council started to prosecute a few people who did this.

PRINCESS' BURIAL.

The King's Special to Leave for Windsor This Morning.

A special train for those invited to attend the funeral of Princess Christian to-day at Windsor will leave Paddington at 9.55 a.m.

Members of the Royal Family will leave Paddington by the King's royal special at 10.45 a.m.

DOUBLE ALBERT MEDAL AWARD.

"In recognition of their eminent services to the economic development of the world by their achievements in biological research and the study of tropical diseases," the Albert Medal of the Royal Society of Arts has been awarded in duplicate to Major-General Sir David Bruce and Colonel Sir Ronald Ross.

FIRST WAR DEBT PAYMENT TO U.S.

Great Britain will to-day pay the U.S. approximately seventy million dollars (nominally £14,000,000), representing the first instalment of the War Debt, says an Exchange New York telegram.

It will be paid in Liberty Bonds, so as not to disturb the money market.

PUNCHING OUT A WINNER!

Ticket System Plan to Tax Bets.

LEGALISED OFFICES.

Bookmakers to Issue Slips in Manner of Conductors

A bookmaker will have to carry about with him equipment resembling half of a bus conductor, if the suggestion (made at the Betting Tax inquiry yesterday) for bell-punches to cancel "bet tickets" ever materialises.

Sir George Hamilton, a member of the Commons Committee, suggested a cash register for the issue of betting tickets.

Bookmakers are to be consulted by the authorities regarding the working of a scheme concerning State betting slips and the collection of taxes by this means.

Threepenny bets, high club wagering and "welshers" were among the factors in the question considered yesterday by the Committee.

EXCISE 10 p.c. PLAN.

Sample of Tickets for Varying Amounts Shown to Committee.

Details of the scheme advanced by the Board of Customs and Excise were explained by Mr. W. Christian, assistant secretary.

The Board proposes a 10 per cent. tax on bets. A sample of tickets to be supplied to bookmakers was shown to the Committee. Tickets for different amounts—6d., 1s., 5s., 10s., and so on—would, Mr. Christian said, be issued.

These tickets would be purchased at post offices. The bookmaker would be required to deface each ticket, so that the stamped ticket could not be used again, said Mr. Christian.

Such a thing as a bell punch, said witness, would be utilised for cancelling each ticket issued.

The witness, referring to street betting, said under the scheme he was putting forward a better, instead of going to a man in the street, would go to a legalised office.

The Chairman: In the case of a man who bets in sixpences, shillings and half-crowns, would you trust him to make a correct return?

Mr. Christian: Of course. His office would be subject to control and the books open to inspection. Besides this, the penalty for infringement would be heavy.

The Chairman (Mr. H. S. Cauley, K.C.): Might there not be a gross objection to granting bookmakers' licences by local authorities—might not the question be made a political subject at elections?

Mr. Hawkins: I think that might be so.

THREEPENNY BETS.

Mr. Cauley pointed out that there are "men who attend little point-to-point races, make bets, and then disappear. On the racetrack, too, it is said, there is a considerable amount of 'welshing.' Do you think you would have sufficient control over these people?" he asked.

"There would be a risk of persons of that description, but we should have inspectors attending race meetings," was the reply.

Sir George Hamilton observed that there were thousands of sixpenny and shilling bets. A street bookmaker had written informing him he did a big business in threepenny bets. (Laughter.) Was it intended to have the same tax on these as on a five-shilling bet?

Mr. Hawkins: No; it would be an ad valorem (according to value) duty.

Sir George Hamilton asked Mr. Christian and Mr. Hawkins (a legal expert) in turn if it was possible, in their opinion, to tax bets. Both answered "Yes."

Mr. Christian told Mr. Foot that football coupons would come within the scheme if run by a bookmaker. The scheme proposed to tax bets on all other sports as well, such as boxing.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF

Weather Forecast.—Unsettled in the north. Lightening-time, 10.16 p.m.

Cheerfulness Tonic.—"It is astonishing if you take a cheerful view of life how it helps you,"—Judge Parfitt.

Mansion Burned Out.—Rochestown House, a fine old mansion in Dublin County, was destroyed by fire yesterday.

Race Horse Owner Robbed.—Mr. Vinegrad, a Hull race horse owner, was robbed of £1,800 after leaving Beverley races.

Snake Attacks Dog.—Mr. J. Savers, of East Stanley, Durham, killed a snake that attempted to fasten itself round his dog in a field.

P.O. Raid Suspect.—Twenty witnesses failed to identify the man detained for the Liverpool post-office raid. Another man was detained yesterday.

Escaping Prisoner Shot.—James Morrissey, of Abbey-street, Kilkenny, an "irregular" prisoner, was shot dead while trying to escape down a sheet rope from Kilkenny Gaol.

Cramming.—"The cramming of small children in our schools is undoubtedly doing an infinite amount of damage to the brains of the rising generation," said Sir Arthur F. Pease, Bart., at Darlington.

THE KING AND QUEEN SEE LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE WED

Bride in White and Silver Arrives Few Minutes Too Early at St. Margaret's.

PRINCESS MARY ATTENDS ALL IN WHITE

Bridesmaids in Rose-Pink Chiffon—Huge Crowds Pack Parliament Square for Hours.

Gowned in white and silver brocade, which shimmered in the warm June sunshine, Lady Mary Cambridge, the Queen's niece, was married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, yesterday to the Marquis of Worcester.

The King, Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, Princess Mary and other members of the Royal Family attended, and her Majesty was dressed from head to foot in silver. The bride arrived seven minutes too early for her wedding, and was requested to wait a moment as the King and Queen had not arrived.

The bridesmaids wore simple dresses of rose-pink chiffon, gold shoes and stockings. Princess Mary, in a dress of white flecked with silver, looked like a bride herself. The Duke of Beaufort, father of the bridegroom, recovering from a recent accident, attended on crutches.

Parliament-square and the traffic routes surrounding it were packed with dense masses of people, many of whom had waited from an early hour to catch a glimpse of Lady Mary.

THE QUEEN DAZZLING IN CRYSTAL BEADED GOWNS AT FOURTH COURT.

Lady Mary's Orange Blossom and Myrtle Leaves.

TRAIN OF OLD LACE.

Lady Mary Cambridge was surely one of the prettiest brides St. Margaret's ever sheltered. Hundreds were waiting in Parliament-square from a very early hour.

There was no evidence of mourning in the varied toilettes of the guests, for black, when it was worn, was gaily patterned in silk embroidery like a Japanese kimono, and shades of golden brown and caramel, with sprinklings of white and mauve, were the favourites.

Queen Mary looked dazzling, gowning from head to foot in silver (even her umbrella, one noticed, glistened white in the sunlight).

Her cloak was deeply fringed and her high silver toque gleamed upon her silvery hair. Queen Alexandra, smiling happily as usual, wore her much-loved purple with a silver train and walked with the ex-Empress of Russia.

PRINCESS MARY "LIKE A BRIDE."

Princess Mary was like a bride herself, for she was all in white.

Her cloak of white morocain revealed a dress of white flecked with silver, and her large white crinoline hat was encircled by white and silver wheat ears.

Lady Patricia Ramsay looked very handsome in cream, and the Countess of Athlone, whose daughter was a bridesmaid, was in deep blue with a small feathered black hat.

The Duke of York, lonely without his little Duchess, was kept busy answering many queries regarding her recovery.

No member of the bridal procession except the bridesmaids carried flowers.

The bridesmaids wore very simple gowns of rose-pink chiffon, gold shoes and stockings, little Lady caps of fine gold net circled by roses and carried small golden baskets filled with pink roses.

A VERY TINY GUEST.

Two tiny rosette-crowned girls accompanied the bride to the altar steps and gravely arranged her train.

They were Constance, Lady Mary Stanley's little girl, and Lady Rosemary Elliot.

A still tinier sister, Lady Kathleen, came with her nurse, "or, being 'not quite two,' was not entrusted with the important duties of a bridesmaid.

The bride appeared a youthful, slender figure as she stood with bowed head by her bridegroom's side.

At first sight she appeared to be enveloped in creamy old lace until it fell away to reveal a white gown faintly touched with silver embroideries and cunning touches of orange blossom and green myrtle leaves.

"She isn't superstitious," whispered someone, as, slipping off her short ermine jacket, it was seen to be lined with jade green brocade!

Lady Somerleyton wore black with vivid red carnations; Lady Countess of Minto gold, the Duchess of Newcastle golden brown, Lady Berwick a steel-blue silk cloak hand-painted with gold stripes.

Lady Yarborough had a black satin cloak trimmed with grey swansdown; Lady Joan Peake a transparent black georgette cloak over mauve; Lady Juliet Trevor green and brown.

Lady Hermione Herbert wore a knitted suit of pale mauve silk, and Katherine Duchess of Westminster wore a grey fringed cloak over a black and silver dress.

Wonderful Effect of Fuchsia and Orchid Dresses.

LADY CURZON IN WHITE.

By a Woman Reporter.

Their Majesties' fourth Court was as magnificent as any of its predecessors, and the debutantes, like all their sisters who attended previous Courts, were enthralled by the glittering scene in the Palace.

The Bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms and the Yeomen of the Guard, grouped about the state saloons, seemed to the visitor to have walked straight out of a fairy book.

The royal procession was even more wonderful and imposing.

In the royal circle were the Crown Prince of Sweden, Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, Lady Patricia Ramsay, the Marquis of Cambridge, the Marchioness of Milford Haven and the young Countess of Eltham. It was Lady Eltham's first appearance in the Court circle.

The Dowager Countess of Arlue was in attendance as Acting Mistress of the Robes, wearing delicate black lace and lovely diamonds in her white hair. Among other notable figures was Lady Astor, who presented her pretty niece, Miss Perkins.

Lady Astor wore a gown of softly-draped white lace with a wonderful blue velvet train; her niece was in silver and shell pink.

Lady Curzon was the most beautifully-dressed woman present, in white without a touch of colour. Her train was edged with tufts of white ostrich feathers and she carried an enormous feather fan.

Lady Ashfield was wearing mauve crème lisette in an orchid shade embroidered in gold and shades of oyster, and her train, of the same material, was hemmed with cloth of gold.

Every shade of fuchsia and orchid was represented, while many gowns were embroidered with the new crystal beads with coloured linings.

60. A MILE FLYING.

Hope of the Near Future—London to China via Arctic.

Air transport had obtained a high standard of reliability and safety, and he thought the charge would be reduced to less than 6d. a mile before long.

So declared Sir W. S. Brancker, Director of Civil Aviation, at the Transport Congress yesterday at Sheffield.

Air transport would open new trade routes. Travelling from London to Tokio by the ordinary route, about 10,000 miles were covered.

There was a much shorter route, through the Arctic Circle, by the north of Norway and Siberia.

There was no reason why in the future the air route from London to China and Japan should not run through the Arctic Circle, thereby saving 5,000 miles in distance and enormously increasing the speed of travel.

BISHOP KNOCKED DOWN BY TRAM.

The Bishop of Bangor sustained somewhat severe injuries to the head when knocked down in Liverpool by a tram.

Yesterday he was said to be progressing favourably.



Sir George Beilly, who has resigned the chairmanship of the Fuel and Light Board, is seen here.



The Bishop of Bangor has received injuries to the head when knocked down by a Liverpool tram.

HUSBAND'S ARREST AFTER "ABDUCTING" WIFE.

Assault Charge Sequel to Leeds Sensation.

"MENTALLY DERANGED?"

The motor-car abduction in Leeds of a young married woman had a sequel yesterday, when her husband, George Cavar Brown, was charged before the magistrates with assaulting her.

Chief Inspector Pass said that Brown was arrested at 4.30 yesterday morning at the North-Eastern Railway Station at Leeds. From his manner and from what was known of his antecedents there was reason to believe that his mind was somewhat deranged.

Brown's explanation was that he "loved his wife and children and wanted them back." He intended to take his wife to his father's home near Norwich, to get her away from his mother-in-law.

He was remanded in custody for a week for medical observation. The police intimated that it was proposed to take proceedings against the driver of the car and the man who assisted Brown.

OPERATION ON LORD CAVE.

Following on Attack of Peritonitis Which Occurred Three Weeks Ago.

The Marquis of Salisbury stated in the House of Lords yesterday that while staying in Somersetshire, three weeks ago, Lord Cave (Lord Chancellor) was seized with an attack of peritonitis.

That having subsided, an operation was performed for the underlying condition.

The seriousness of the operation demanded a reinstitution of strength, but in his condition, in proportion to the circumstances, was satisfactory.

MOTOR RACER KILLED.

Car Overturns and Famous Driver Is Killed in Trial Run.

GENEVA, Thursday.

The well-known motorist, Lampiano, representing the Fiat firm, who was to have taken part in some important trials on Sunday, was killed today while engaged in a trial run near Gex, a French town near the Swiss frontier.

His car overturned and Lampiano was killed on the spot.—Central News.

SCHOOL AS GIFT.

Australian Children's Friendship Token to French Village.

An historic ceremony will take place at Villers-Bretonneux, near Amiens, to-morrow, when the foundation-stone of a school presented by the children of Victoria (Australia) will be laid.

Villers-Bretonneux was the scene of a gallant action by the Australian forces, in which the Victorian troops were largely represented, the town being recaptured from the Germans at a critical juncture.

During the war the children of the Victorian State primary schools raised nearly £600,000 in money and kind for war relief, and the school is a "further token of friendship." The hall will be panelled with Australian woods, and the school will be supplied yearly with Australian maps and publications.

In order to attend the ceremony, the Agent-General for Victoria, Mr. McWilliam, and Mr. Frank Tate, the Victorian Director of Education, and their wives and other prominent Victorians left London yesterday.

AIRMAN KILLED IN CRASH.

After overhauling and testing a machine taken over for the Government, Flight-Officer Rose left Yeovil, Somerset, yesterday, for Southampton.

Less than a mile from the aerodrome the machine crashed and the pilot was instantly killed.

BRITISH QUESTION TO PARIS ON RUHR.

M. Poincare Examines Cabinet Memorandum.

STEP TOWARDS UNITY.

French Reply May Lead to Reparations Decision.

A British memorandum on the reparations problem reached Paris yesterday morning, and was at once examined by M. Poincare.

The memorandum requests further information concerning the conditions under which France proposes to demand from Germany the cessation of passive resistance (states Reuter) and the methods contemplated for the settlement of the reparations question.

According to the Exchange, France is asked for a clear statement of her attitude towards passive resistance in the Ruhr and the eventual evacuation of that territory.

The memorandum was handed by Lord Curzon to the French Ambassador in London at the close of the British Cabinet meeting on Wednesday night.

France's reply to which considerable importance is attached, is expected to reach London at the end of this week or early next week.

It seems likely that this exchange of views through the usual diplomatic channels will continue until the position of the respective Governments is carefully defined.

SEEKING A FORMULA.

In the event of a successful issue of these conversations it will be possible to arrive at a decision regarding the acceptance to be made to Germany and the question of calling an international Conference.

It was reaffirmed yesterday that British policy has not yet been formulated neither has any advice been offered to France, the other Allies, or to Germany.

In general the efforts of the British Government are directed with a view to arriving at a formula which will be acceptable to all her Allies, and which can be made the basis for negotiations with Germany.

The Premier, in the Commons yesterday, said he could not yet say when it would be possible to make a statement on the subject.

The Government did not contemplate making any declaration which would imply approval of the Franco-Belgian occupation of the Ruhr, said the Premier, replying to Mr. Charles Buxton.

THE PRINCE'S SYMPATHY.

Visit to Burned Hospital to Talk to Injured Patients.

Before starting from Birmingham on his journey to Coventry and Stratford-on-Avon yesterday the Prince of Wales called at Highbury Ministry of Pensions Hospital, where a fire caused the deaths of two patients and injuries to others on Wednesday. He chatted with the injured men, and said he was glad they had been rescued in time.

The Prince left bouquets of orchids and roses.

He had a great welcome when he arrived at Coventry. He was met by the mayor at Guspil Ford, the boundary of the city, where a guard of honour of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment was placed.

The Prince said he was delighted to visit a city with the historical and commercial reputation of Coventry. He visited the hospital and then rode to historic Pool Meadow, where 20,000 schoolchildren greeted him with a rousing cheer.

The Prince inspected industrial centres, after which he adjourned for luncheon and left for Leamington.

WOMEN ALWAYS DO.

Defeated Boy's Gloomy Comments at Richmond Horse Show.

Every one of the visitors at the Richmond Horse Show yesterday was horsemanship personified.

There were small girls, wearing perfectly fitting riding breeches and either hard felt or silk hats, looking—and playing—the part of expert horsewomen.

The Daily Mirror interviewed Master George Pannett, of Rottingdean, a ten-year-old youth, who wore a magnificently checked waistcoat and other wonderfully tailored garments of the riding outfit.

Master Pannett was awarded a reserve prize for riding and a reserve prize for his pony.

"What could you expect?" he said, tapping his leg with his riding whip. "There were only eight of us in the competition, and six were girls."

"They scooped the pool," he added viciously. "It seems to me that women always do!"

There was keen competition in the Costers' Deeky Match, the best prize of which was a barrow loaded with ripe bananas.



Tell it with a "Kodak"

"There's the boat we used to sail in . . . there's Jack shivering on the diving board before his plunge . . . here are the kiddies listening to the Old Salt's yarn . . . here's the whole merry party at lunch on the grass, under the trees . . . here is that romantic view from the top of the hill . . . and, look! here are Sybil and Fred proudly waving their hands from the top of the rock and daring us to follow them!" You can tell all your holiday story with a "Kodak." Get your "Kodak" now—you can learn to use it in half-an-hour.

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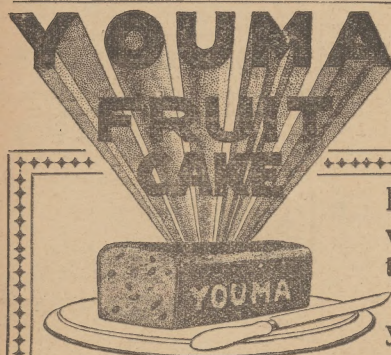
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When you are constipated there is an insufficient quantity of lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action so closely resembles that of this natural lubricant.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1923.

CLEAN NEWS.

IT appears that Sir Evelyn Cecil's Bill "to prevent the publication of matter injurious to public morals in the reports of divorce proceedings" will be brought before a Select Committee during the next few days.

It is obviously desirable that it should be scrutinised in detail, in order that any risk of injustice may be avoided; either to the parties involved, or to the public and the Press.

But careful wording and proper safeguards against any encroachment upon freedom of reference and comment once secured, we are sure that the principles of the Bill will receive the support of all parties in the House of Commons, and of all instructed opinion outside it.

We want to get rid of the highly-seasoned Divorce Case "romance"—usually a very sordid and depressing story. It will assist the best traditions of British journalism if a common agreement can be reached on this subject—an agreement to publish only the grounds of proceedings in each case, the names of those concerned, the verdict, and such legal particulars as may seem to be significant.

DEMONSTRATIONS.

WE regret that we missed the demonstration of the art of doing up parcels, given this week by grocers' assistants who are qualifying for membership of their Institute.

What an art it is, indeed, and how even one who is no grocer must regret that it isn't taught at school!

A good many women possess it, and this gives them, on occasion, a great power in the home. At Christmas time—that is, any time between October and December 24—they rule by means of it. You have to give in to them, so long as you want to persuade them to do up that or those parcels for you.

The average man will fumble and fret. He will delay and procrastinate. He will leave angular objects, which ought long ago to have been returned to their owners, lying about in disordered fragments of paper and cardboard. "My dear, do help me!"

All these men, as well as the young grocers, ought to have gone to the demonstration. And why not other demonstrations? Why not one given by hosiery experts, for example, on the art of tying a dress tie? How heavy-fingered men would hurry and crowd to that!

MAY AND JUNE.

SO far June has been, in some parts of the country, at least a little milder than May. It has hardly been more cheerful. And June is half over.

What are we to do about it?

"We" can do nothing but scowl and bear it. But we can't help wishing that they would talk less about it. We refer to the meteorological experts.

A week ago, they told us that the weather charts indicated symptoms of balmy days softened by south-west winds. They even mentioned a heat wave. Yesterday they obligingly remarked that it was all a false hope. The changes anticipated are now "a renewal of the cold spell."

That is, they are not changes at all; but a continuance of the old conditions. Then why make so much of modifications that turn out to be only repetitions? It disappoints the planners of open-air fêtes and carnivals, who, with invulnerable optimism, go on preparing for summer.

These encouraging reports remind us of the tipsters who gave us an array of certainties, which turned out to be blanks, for the Derby.

W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Doctors and Diet—Modern Painting—Late-comers at the Theatre—Horse-vehicles in City Streets.

A TRAFFIC PROBLEM.

WHY cannot the lumbering always attributed to "W. M." be kept off the streets at the busiest time of the day? These horse-drawn vehicles ought only to be allowed early in the morning or late at night. Keswick-road, Putney. T. F. FELLOWES.

OUR BUSY STREETS.

THERE seems to be more vehicular traffic on the streets of London than ever. More and more buses are placed on the different routes of the so-called "pirate" variety, and all help to make it difficult to get along quickly.

The other evening I wanted to get to my club by six o'clock, to keep a very important appointment. I hired a cab, but the driver would follow the rest of the traffic, causing me to be late and to miss my appointment.

It never seems to occur to taxi-drivers to

WHY HEED GOSSIP?

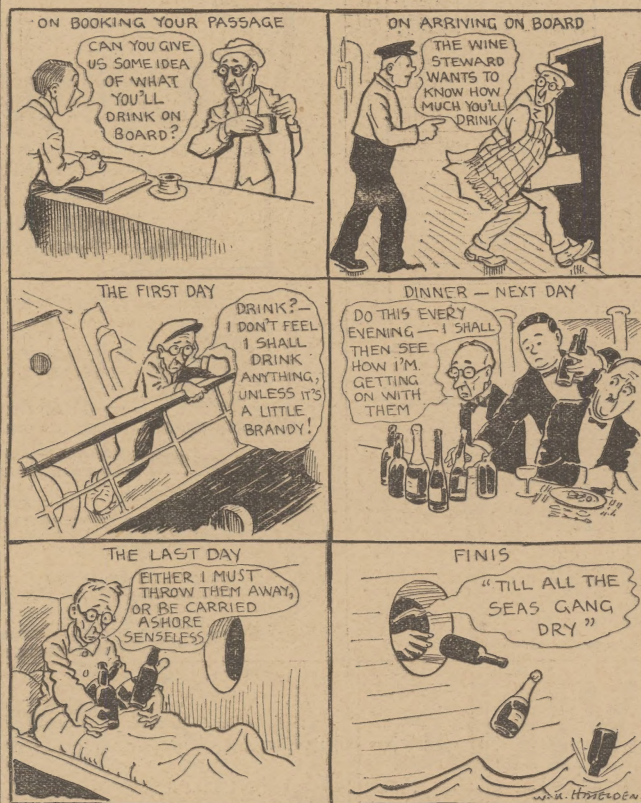
I NOTICED the other day that there was another case of suicide reported. It was said to be due to "gossip." Why do people heed gossip? Doesn't Shakespeare tell us that not even the "pure as snow" escape the malevolent comment of their neighbours? As, then, we all suffer in the same way, why do a few of us take idle talk so seriously? DISCRETION.

BATHS AND TUBS.

I QUITE agree with Mr. Harris that a bath is preferable to a tub, if the bathroom adjoins your bedroom and there is always a plentiful supply of hot water, with pipes sufficiently large that the bath is full by the time you have got out of your sleeping apparel.

But if, on the other hand, there is but one bathroom, which may be some distance from

LIFE ON A DRY LINER.



With the new regulations, imposed by the American prohibitionists, it is likely to become more and more complicated every moment of the journey out!

drive through the side streets, instead of keeping to the main thoroughfares. BUSINESS MAN.

POTS AND PANS.

NOBODY would object to a modern painter exercising his skill in the representation of pots and pans—or even of potatoes and onions. What some of us find hard to understand is that so many modern painters show us pictures of triangles upside down and then say that these are articles of domestic use. Which we don't believe. A. M. C. Cheyne-row, S.W.

SHUT THEM OUT?

SEVERAL times lately I have seen it stated that the remedy for late-comers at the theatre is not to admit them after the curtain has risen. In fact, one or two rather "high-brow" theatres have tried this plan.

Few managers, however, would dare to keep a crowd waiting in the foyer. The excluded might try to break down the doors!

Next it is suggested that the late-comers should be allowed in—but not to their seats. Let them stand till the first act is over! Don't people realise that this would not be permitted by theatre regulations? Imagine the usual crowd of late arrivals thronging the gangways—all whispering and protesting! It would be worse than the present nuisance, which is certainly bad enough. ALWAYS IN TIME. Tite-street, S.W.

your bedroom, which you are never certain of being unoccupied just when you want it, and is generally supplied with nearly cold water, then I say a tub is far preferable to a bath. I fail to see any "horror" in having a soap-oven in a warm tub, then a sponge and a rub-down with a rough towel. B. A.

"DON'T WORRY!"

ONE may say that most illness is caused, not by what we eat, but by worrying about food. The average man is thus worried if he is told that he will get ill if he doesn't eat "stimulants." First, he doesn't know what they are! Then he may not find it very easy to get the salads and uncooked foods that are supposed to contain them.

Above all, these scientific suggestions are a nuisance to the housewife. I don't know what I shall do if my husband begins to demand a diet of green leaves and raw meat! Streamtham. A HUMBLE HOUSEWIFE.

IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE 14.—Our native water flag (iris pseudo-acorus) is well worth growing in the garden. To-day its yellow flowers are opening. This species should be grown near ponds and in wet ditches; it also does well on moist borders. The gladin iris (fetidissima) is also a British plant and is decorative near woodland walks because of its brilliant scarlet berried seed-pods in the autumn. E. F. T.

WHY DO WOMEN READ NOTHING BUT NOVELS?

ALTERNATIVES TO THE USUAL TALE OF FOND LOVE.

By FLORENCE WILLOUGHBY.

TWO distinguished women novelists have this week enchanted a large audience by debating about the modern novel.

They called it the "sex novel"—whatever that may mean.

I suppose it means the novel with a love interest; and probably also that this interest is developed with a certain frankness, calling itself realism.

Now there are certainly a good many novels of that sort about. There always have been, since novels began to be written.

I take it that the eighteenth-century "Manon Lescaut" and "Paul et Virginie" are "sex novels." Fielding's "Tom Jones" is decidedly frank, and Defoe's "Moll Flanders" is emphatically realistic.

But all the time, side by side with this sort of novel, have existed other sorts—the adventurous, the comic, the problematical.

I have mentioned Defoe. For one person who has read "Moll," a thousand have read "Robinson Crusoe." What love interest is there in that?

Take again the case of one of the greatest pieces of fiction in literature. Take "Don Quixote." Where is the love interest? Where is it in "Pickwick"? Or in many of Stevenson's stories, or Kipling's, or even Conrad's? There's plenty of alternative to the "sex novel." I have only quoted a few examples.

"HEAVY" LITERATURE.

Only there is a difficulty. You want great writers for this sort of novel—the non-sentimental sort. And great writers are rare.

But if you are still worried—as so many people seem to be—by the predominance of love stories, why not make a great resolution? Why not determine sometimes to read something that isn't a novel at all?

It amazes me to see how dependent are many readers—women above all—on novels. They never put anything else whatever on their library lists! And yet, every year, dozens of books come out which are infinitely more "thrilling" than the average novel—books of travel, of reminiscences, of biography, of criticism; not to mention the "heavier" kinds.

But indeed why should I talk of "heaviness" as applied to this sort of literature? What could be "heavier" than many of the novels women read?

"I can't get through this," said a girl I know the other day, throwing aside a romance with a highly-coloured dust sheet. Of course she couldn't, poor dear! But it never struck her to read something quite different, for a change. She merely picked another novel out of the heap at her side.

I tried to read the novel she had rejected.

It began with a heavy description of the characters, the houses they lived in, their habits, their diet, their clothes. Then it went on—or rather went back—(still heavily) to an account of the infancy of the hero. It indulged in some "psychology" about him. It got heavier and heavier. Finally it became so heavy that I, too, dropped it with a sigh.

And, once again, I asked: "Why suppose that the amusement of literature exists only in fiction?"

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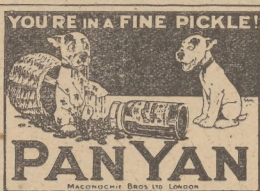
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trial phial 8d.—Tatcho-Tone, 5, Great Queen-st, W.C.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PIANO Bargains, new and second-hand: best makes from
21s. monthly—Parker's, 167, Bishopsgate.

AVIARIES, POULTRY, AND PETS.

PARROTS and Cages from 40s.; 3 months' trial; list
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N. B. Walters, Swan Works, High Street, London, E.14.



The mother of the bride, the Marchioness of Cambridge, arriving at the church with a young friend.

THE WEDDING.

Herbert Trench's Work—The Prettiest Women—The Angling Season.

THE QUEEN'S NIECE, Lady Mary Cambridge, was seven minutes too early at her wedding yesterday, and had to wait for the arrival of the King and Queen at the vestry door. Meanwhile she had plenty of time to arrange her train and veil of old Brussels lace, which had been worn by the Duchess of Teck and her own mother—now the Marchioness of Cambridge.

June Roses.

Six bridesmaids represented "June roses" in their pink-chiffon dresses, and they had baskets of the real flowers. Tiny gold "flying foxes" were worn by the four-year-old daughters of Lady Mary Stanley and the Countess of St. Germans. Lady May Cambridge arrived with her parents, the Earl and Countess of Athlone, at the east door—she had to walk the whole length of the aisle to join the remaining five.

Early Service.

So early did the service commence that the clergy were repeating the vow for the bridegroom as the clock struck eleven. Late guests sat in the porch, and persuaded the serjeant of police in charge to let them remain there, Lady Mar and Kellie and Lady Juliet Trevor being in this little group.

The Royal Party.

As the Queen and all the Royal Family had discarded mourning for this joyful occasion, it is possible that Queen Mary remembered the old saying, "All black at a wedding is unlucky." The Marchioness of Worcester wore the same dove's neck grey for her going-away dress as that chosen by the Duchess of York.

Green.

Many of the guests were green in some form or other. Viscountess Boyle—Princess Mary's sister-in-law—had a green hat and gold-tipped feathers with her black dress, and even the bride had small green leaves as a wreath over her veil, with bunches of orange blossoms over each ear. She had very short sleeves and no gloves.

One of the Sights!

The fine weather attracted a larger crowd than the police expected, and the unusually large number of guests—mostly men, who arrived at the church on foot—found difficulty in getting through.

Pushful Women.

A feature of the crowd was the large number of women who came with perambulators. It was suggested to me that this was a new way of getting a good position. Certainly people made way for them. Even the police assisted.

"Among Those Present."

Among the many social notabilities who were photographed on their arrival at St. Margaret's the tall figure of Lady Juliet Trevor was conspicuous. She is one of the Lowthers, her father being the fourth Earl of Lonsdale. Her first husband, Sir Robert Duff, was killed in action in 1914. She is now the wife of Major Keith Trevor, M.C.



Lady Juliet Trevor.

Easy Social Work.

This is a busy week. Dinners and dances are simply tumbling over each other. To-night is the fullest night, for Lady Cunard's dinner and dance will be rivalled by Lady Salisbury's dinner and that to be given by the Duchess of Roxburghe; Lady Alledale's dance is also taking place to-night.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Ascot Magnet.

Next week shows a distinct rest as regards dances, for hostesses assume that Ascot will prove too great a draw to risk entertaining in town. The only thing so far booked of any importance is Lady Charnwood's dance on the Friday. But after Ascot there is a tremendous list of fixtures.

Eggs and Bacon!

Lord Queenborough's dance for his younger daughter, the Hon. Dorothy Paget, was very successful. Eggs and bacon were served at one o'clock to strengthen the spirits of the flagging ones, though the supper had been substantial. Champagne in quantity and all the delicacies of the season were supplied by a generous host.

Viscount Lascelles as Speaker.

Viscount Lascelles is quite effective as a public speaker. He had some practice on the political platform in Yorkshire, and his audience at Burlington House much appreciated the ready and business-like manner in which he put the case for saving the art treasures that are still left in the stately homes of England.

Varsity Oratory for London.

On July 10 at the London School of Economics there will be an Oxford and Cambridge Union debate. The motion will be, "That education is the curse of this country."

Like Father Like Son.

Mr. Clifford Mollison, who was so good as the accountant in the Robot play, and is now equally effective in a totally different character in "Lilies of the Field," is one of our younger actors who seem destined to do big things. He is a son of the late Mr. William Mollison, a fine actor, who once did the play "The Bonnie Bunch" stories. Young Mollison was recently married to Miss Muriel Pope, the actress.



Mr. Clifford Mollison.

Polo Robots.

The word "Robot" has caught on. Lord Dalmeny's polo team, which consists of himself, Lieut.-Colonel L. C. Swifte, Captain H. Noel Scott-Robson and Major J. F. Harrison, is officially described as The Robots. I see that Mr. John Galsworthy thinks people do not understand the meaning of this curious play, and is going to give a lecture on it. Oh, dear!

Literature and Whitehall.

Mr. Herbert Trench, of whose death I was much grieved to hear, was one of a distinguished group of literary men who worked in the Education Office. Butler, the Dante scholar, and Mr. J. W. Mackail, translator of Virgil and biographer of William Morris, have been others. The career was not congenial to him. He once told me that he was overworked and horribly bored.

Poet and Producer.

It was as a poet that Trench began to be known, and I fancy that one or two of his lyrics will have a permanent place in anthologies. Wider fame came to him when he went into theatrical management at the Haymarket—an enterprise in which he was associated with Lord Howard de Walden. We owe to him the production of "The Blue Bird" and "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

Coarse Fishing Begins.

To-morrow is a joyful day for anglers, for the three months close season ends. Since April 1 the Thames and other rivers have been, of course, open for trout fishing, but those who go after the game fish are small in numbers compared with those who are quite satisfied with coarse fish—dace, roach, perch, bream, barbel, gudgeon, tench and so on.

The Angler's Character?

Angling is such a peaceful occupation, refreshing to the mind and giving health and rest to the body, that I hesitate to repeat a remark the celebrated Scotch divine, Dr. James Cameron Lees, Dean of the Order of the Thistle, once made about brethren of the rod. They went out in the morning full of hope, he said, and returned in the evening full of whisky, but the truth was not in them.

"Polly" 200 Up.

"Polly," the sequel to "The Beggar's Opera," reaches its 200th performance on Monday evening, when souvenirs will be given away. This charming entertainment is one of those which have stood the vagaries of the weather best, and the indications are that it will go on for a long time at the Savoy—it's second home.

Ancient, Yet Modern.

Americans like "Polly" because it is "antique," but, as one of them remarked, it has "plenty of modern polish on it." It may be of interest to the many visitors in London to know that good seats at the Savoy are available at quite short notice.

The Stranger in Our Midst.

London appears to be full of Americans just now. Mr. Donald Calthrop tells me that, after the final dress rehearsal of "Eliza Comes to Stay," he rang up every hotel in the West End of London in the vain hope of securing a bedroom for the night. Each in turn was full, the explanation being that there was an invasion of American visitors who, like Eliza, had come to stay—in London.

Kate Bishop's Wish.

There will be many well-known actors at Miss Kate Bishop's funeral to-day, but no actresses. It had always been the curious wish of Miss Bishop that when the inevitable end came no ladies should attend her funeral. Even her daughter, Miss Marie Löhr, will remain at home to-day.

Health of Cricket!

For the first time this season those dear souls who spend their time decrying the decline of British cricket, have been sitting up and taking notice. The cause is the wonderful bowling of Maurice Tate, the son of F. W. Tate, the old Sussex professional. He has taken twenty-one wickets for 98 runs during the Horsham week, but the point that interests the experts is his consistency and perfect length, and "fizz" from the pitch.



Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria arriving at St. Margaret's yesterday for the wedding of the Queen's niece.

Royal Listeners-In.

Motoring through Richmond Park the other day, I noticed that a smart-looking wireless aerial has been erected on the roof of White Lodge, the residence of the Duke and Duchess of York.

Devon Damsels.

In what English county are the prettiest women to be found? Mr. S. Baring Gould, whose new book, "Earliest Reminiscences," is published to-day, unhesitatingly plumps for Devon. "It is . . . due to the climate," he writes, "that the Devonshire women retain their freshness and good looks much longer than in other parts of England." But then, Mr. Baring-Gould is a Devon man.

Uniform for Knights?

I am somewhat perplexed by the desire of the knights bachelors who dined at the Prince's restaurant under the presidency of Sir William Bull, that something should be done to prevent them from being "mistaken for waiters." What hinders them from engaging an artist to design them a special costume and agreeing together to wear it?

Definition of a Gaffer.

Some of the Americans competing in the open golf championships at Troon have introduced a new title for the royal and ancient game. Golf enthusiasts are referred to as suffering from "foot and mouth disease" because they foot it all day and "mouth" about it all night!

THE RAMBLER.

PHEASANT MARGARINE



CARPENTIER IN TRAINING



Georges Carpentier shows an interest in his host's little porkers at Shoburness, where he has gone to train for his match with Joe Beckett at Olympia on July 4. Genuine photographs will appear in *The Daily Mirror*.

A GLITTERING COURT



The crowd peers into a car near Buckingham Palace.



Miss A. L. Hülyer Cleland, a debutante, photographed on her arrival at Buckingham Palace.

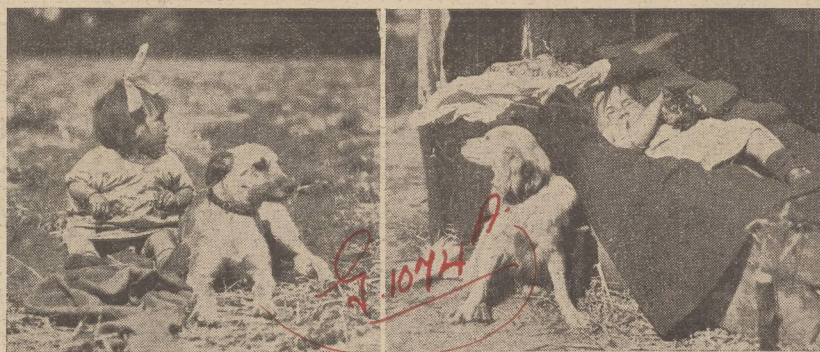


Miss Margaret Sinclair, who also was at Buckingham Palace for their Majesties' third Court.

Their Majesties' third Court was a glittering spectacle, although the Court circle was in mourning. In fact, the black dresses of the royal party on the dais made a wonderful background for the silver dresses of debutantes.



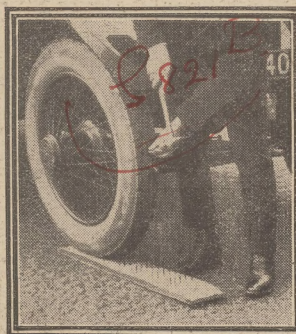
Georges leaps down a bank to the beach.—(*Daily Mirror*.)



THE STRAWBERRY PICKERS' BABIES.—These babies are the children of Hampshire strawberry pickers, whom the sunshine has made busy. But while their mothers are hard at work they are safe with their friends.



DARE I VENTURE?—This charming photograph of a young fox cub taking a sharp look round before leaving the family burrow was obtained near Beaconsfield, Bucks.



NO MORE PUNCTURES!—Nails being driven into a motor-tyre which its inventor says is puncture-proof. Every puncture in the inner tube is automatically sealed, it is claimed.



THE MOTORIST'S CHOICE.—An invitation and a warning, courteous and unmistakable, which diverts motorists as they approach the Canadian village of Sylvan Lake.

RACE OF TO

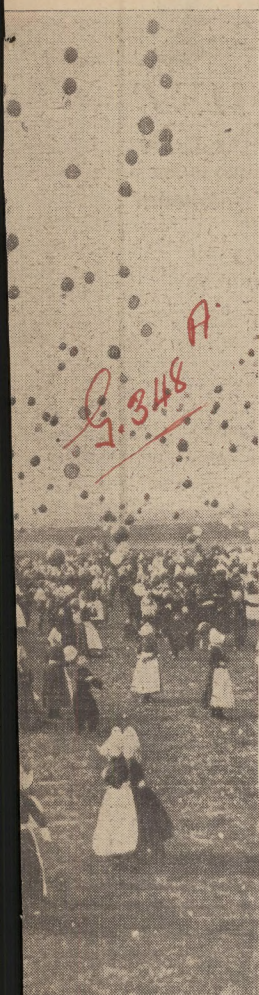


Some of the 2,000 toy balloons let down by Dutch children at the fishing tournament down two miles from



WETTERED, LONGEST DRIVE.—Roger Wethered's drives that won the open championship during the open championship.

Y BALLOONS



YESTERDAY'S WEDDING



Princess Mary (left) and Viscount Lascelles arriving.



Princess Maud, the fiancée of Lord Carnegie, photographed on setting out for the wedding.



The Duke of York photographed on his arrival at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

Many members of the Royal Family attended Lady Mary Cambridge's wedding yesterday at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

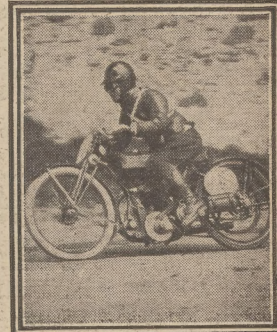
THRILLS OF "CORNERING"



S. Baines skids in front of H. C. Chambers at Governor's Bridge.



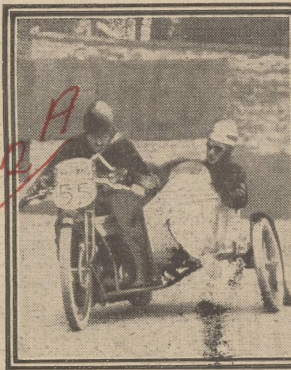
B. Kershaw comes off his New Imperial in view of the crowd at Governor's Bridge.



J. A. Porter, winner of the light-weight race, on his New Gerrard.



Dixon, with his passenger, T. W. Denny, who did so well at corners.



F. W. Dixon, who won the sidecar race, on his Douglas.



The passenger's uncomfortable task rounding Hairpin Bend. He is with H. Langman on a Scott Squirrel in the sidecar race.

Motor-cycle racing on the winding Isle of Man course for the Tourist Trophies. Porter, the winner, did record laps for the light-weight race. In the sidecar race Langman led a long way, but was beaten.



Measuring the length of one of the long-driving competition at Wethered's best effort was in.



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DAILY 2.45 & 8.30.
(Sundays at 7.45, at the

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ADAMS—Fri. Nightly, at 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
BATTING BUTLER—Jack Buchanan. Last week.
ALHAMBRA—(Gerr. 33-9) Ergs. 8.15. TONS OF MONEY.
Wed. Thurs. 2.30. Young Arnold, T. Wells, E. Lynn.
ALHAMBRA—(Gerr. 5064) Daily. 2.30, 6.10 and 8.45.
YOU'D BE SURPRISED—First. 8.15. 5s. to 8d.
AMBAASSADORS—8.45. THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.
Bessie Abba, E. J. G. 8.15. Sat. Fri. Sat. 2.30.
APOLLO—WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS, by J. M.
Barrie. Every Evening, at 8.15. Mat. Tu. Th. 2.30.
COMEDY—Today, at 8.15. 5s. to 8d. PEDLARS' PIE.
Fay Compton, Leon Quartermaine. Tues. and Fri. 2.30.
COURT THEATRE—(Gerr. 84-1) 8.15. PEDLARS' PIE.
The New Musical Success. Every Evening at 8.30.
COVENT GARDEN—British National Opera Co.
Tonight, 8.30. LA BOHEME (Melo and Hackel).
CRITERION—9 o'clock (troupe). (CHARLES HAWTHORNE
in JACK STRAW. Mat. Every Tue. and Sat. 2.30.
DALYS—
DURRY LANE—(Gerr. 238-3) Last 3 Perfs.
NED KEAN OF OLD DURRY. Mat. Sat. 2.15.
DUKE OF YORKS—Nightly, at 8.15. ELIZA GOES TO
STAY. 8.30. Ha Ha! 1st Mat. (both days), Wed. 2.30.
GARRICK—(Gerr. 9515) 8.30. Wed. sat. 2.30. Partners
Again. Fozzish and Perimeter in "Six Men in a
Globe" 8.20. Ergs. Wed. Fri. 2.20. "The Voice Outside."
Followed at 9.15. "A Good We At."
HAYMARKET—ISRAEL, EDWARD and ANNE. To-night
and Tomorrow, at 8.30. Last Mat. To-morrow, 2.30.
HAYMARKET—Thurs. June 21, at 8.15. BRIGHTER LONDON.
Billy Mersey, Lupino Lane, Paul Whittman and Band.
HIS MAJESTY—8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30. HENRY AINLEY
in OLIVER CROMWELL, by John Drinkwater.
LITTLE—(Gerr. 2401) THE 9 O'CLOCK REVUE.
Ergs. 9.15. Men and the 2.45. Red Mat. Sat. Fri.
LONDON PAVILION—Ergs. 8.15. Tu. Sat. 2.30. DOVER
STREET TO DIXIE. S. Lupino, D. Myrtle, F. Mills.
LYCEUM—7.45. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. Brandy Wil-
lams in "Dad and Daddy." To Ed to 8d. (Gerr. 7617).
LYRIC—Ergs. 8.15. Wed. Sat. 2.30. LIG TIME.
A Play with Music by Schubert. (Gerr. 3587).
LYRIC—HSMITH—Ergs. 8.15. THE BIRDY'S COVE.
M. to Wed. Sat. at 2.30. 1,234th PERFORMANCE.
MASKELVINE'S THEATRE—near Oxford Circus. 3 and 8.
Lions, Sticks, Guitars, Piano, etc. (Gerr. 1545).
NEW—(R. e. 4465) Nightly, at 8.30. M. 14 Wed. Thurs.
8.30. M. 15. THE LANCING IN "THE VILLAGE OF THE DUTCH."
NEW OXFORD—8.30. LE VEILLEUR DE NUIT.
Lucien Guitry, Yvonne Printemps, Sacha Guitry.
NEW OXFORD—Thurs. next at 8.30. M. 14 Wed. Thurs.
in "Sp. tri." (Ghosts). Mats. June 21, 26.
PALACE—Irene Hill's "MUSIC" 8.15. REVUE.
Nightly 8.30. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.
PLAYHOUSE—Gladys Cooper. "MAGDA."
To-day at 8.30 and 10.15. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30.
PRINCE OF WALES—(Gerr. 7482) 8.30. Wed. Sat. 2.30.
Anglo-American. "THE NEW LONDON."
QUEEN'S—BLITHEBEARDS 8th WIFE. Ergs. 8.30. Thurs.
Sat. 2.30. Midge Fetherstone, Norman McKinnel.
REGENCY—KING'S—Wed. next, at 8.15. ROBERT B. LEE.
By John Dinkwater. First Mat. Sat. June 23, at 2.30.
ROYALTY—(Gerr. 2401) 8.30. M. 14 Wed. Thurs.
Dennis Edie, Jean Cadogan. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
SAVOY—To-night, 8.15. PHILLY. Mats. Mon. Thurs. Sat.
2.30. PITY.
ST. JAMES'S—Today, 2.30, 8.30. THE OUTSIDER.
Leslie Fother, Leola Evans. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
ST. MARTIN'S—Ergs. 8.30. R.U.N. Mat. Fri. Sat. 2.30.
The Jack of the town. The Morning Post.
SCALA—(Gerr. 7482) 8.30. THE NAUGHTY PLAYERS.
Ergs. 8.30. Wed. Th. Sat. 2.30. Last 2 Weeks.
SHAFESBURY—(Gerr. 7482) 8.30. STOD PITTING.
The Activities should attract all London—Vide Press.
STRAND—At 8.30. (Gerr. 7482) 8.30. PAULINE LIND
in "ON THE ANCHOR." 8.15. M. 14 Wed. Thurs.
VAUDVILLE—2.30, 8.30. Tu. Wed. Fri. Sat. 2.30. P. 15.
A. Chard, J. C. L. 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
WINTER GARDEN—Ergs. 8.15. M. 14 Every Sat. 2.15.
THE CABARET GIRL—Dorothy Dickson, L. A. Henson.
WYNDHAM'S—Gerald du Maurier in "THE PAM."
A New Play. Ergs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
GOLDEN—(Gerr. 7482) 8.30. M. 14 Wed. Thurs.
Act 1, Scene 1. Harry T. Price and Fanny, etc.
GOLDEN—(Gerr. 7482) 8.30. M. 14 Wed. Thurs.
Julian Ross, George and Butler, Carlton, etc.
PALLADIUM—(Gerr. 1004) 2.30, 6.45, 8.45. Pharus.
The Mid. in Mir. New. Dan. P. H. 8.15. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30.
EMPIRE—To-night at 8.30. After Daily 2.45 and 8.30.
Sun. 7.45. Enemies of Women, by Vicente Blasco Ibañez.
NEW GALLERY—Dagmar, Anna G. Nilsson in "THE
MAN FROM HOME." by Booth Tarkenton.
PHILHARMONIC—Daily. 2.30, 8.30, 8.45. N. P. LESTINE.
Lewell Thomas. Daily. 2.30, 8.30, 8.45. N. P. LESTINE.
PHILHARMONIC—Next Week, "ROMANTIC INDIA."
2nd Edition. First 3 Mat. and Nights.
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The Men with Silent Faces. Silent Pictures.
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PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

PERSONAL REMARKS.

Daily Mirror Office.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—
There are some grown-ups who can't help making personal remarks—have you ever met them? I was at a tea-party the other day at which there were several of these worrying people, and one unfortunate small boy named Johnny. Now I want you to put yourself in Johnny's place, and try and imagine how he felt as this conversation went on:—
"Johnny has his father's nose, don't you think? It's a pity his hair is slightly sandy. It's quite a nice face, really."
"He has his mother's eyes and pretty little mouth."
"And Uncle Tom's chin. He's a very determined young man, I'm sure." "It's a pity

his face is rather freckled, but, then, all boys get freckled, don't they? And so on.
All this time poor Johnny looked helplessly at the grown-ups surrounding him. His face grew redder and redder, and occasionally an angry gleam shone in his blue eyes. He must have felt like a specimen in a museum being discussed by a number of professors!
Now it seems to me quite fair if he had turned round and criticised the people round him something in this way:—"Uncle Tom's head is just like an egg—I hope I don't get like him!—and I know Aunt Mabel is wearing a wig, and Cousin Jane's nose is as sharp as a dagger, and—" but I am sure before Johnny had got as far as this he would have been hustled away in dire disgrace. But they made personal remarks about him, didn't they?

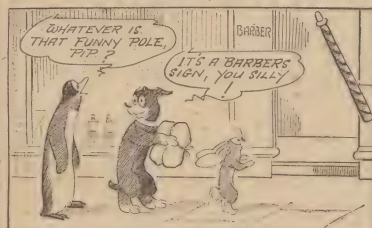
Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

THE SHOPPING GAME.

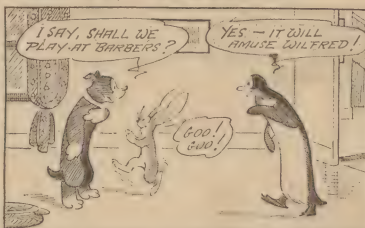
"I Went to the Greengrocer to Buy Some C—"

HERE is a jolly game which can be played by almost any number of boys and girls, either indoors or in the garden.
The players sit in a semi-circle, and the leader stands in the middle. When they are all ready, he begins: "I went to do some shopping in the town to-day. First of all, I went to the Greengrocer to buy some C—." Then he stops, and points at one of the children.
The player indicated has to call out the name of some fruit or vegetable beginning with "C." Perhaps he will cry "Carrots!" and perhaps this will be right.
Then the leader will continue: "After that I went to the Fishmonger's, and bought some JJ—"
Again he will point at someone, and perhaps the reply will be "Herrings."
This time it may be wrong, the right answer being "Hake."
The player who has failed to guess will then take the leader's place, and "do a little shopping" in his turn.
So the game goes on.
It is a good plan for the "shopper" to write down the names of the various articles he means to buy at the different shops; thus, Green, grocer, carrots; Fishmonger, hake; Butcher, beef; Dairy, cream; and so on.
In this case there can be no cheating, as otherwise it is easy for the leader, if he gets tired of "shopping," to pretend that someone has not made a correct guess. If he has his words all written down on a card, the other players will see that it is perfectly fair.

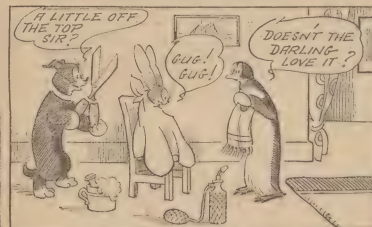
WILFRED LOVES A GAME OF "BARBERS."



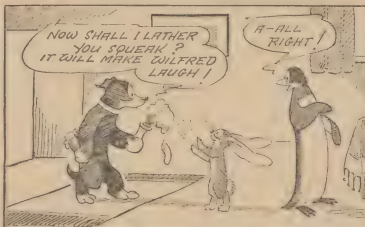
1. While the pets were out for a walk they saw a barber's pole outside a shop.



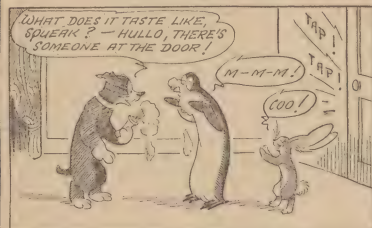
2. Pip and Squeak thought it would amuse Wilfred if they played at barbers.



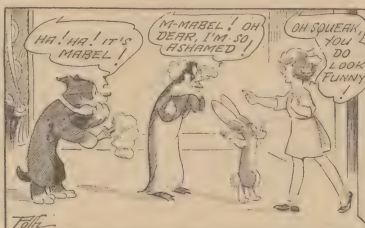
3. The little rabbit was delighted. Don't you love his happy expression?



4. Then Pip suggested lathering Squeak—just to amuse Wilfred.



5. In the middle of it there was a knock on the door. Squeak was terrified.



6. When Mabel walked in the poor penguin nearly sank through the floor with shame!

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LADIES' MIRROR

CARDINAL CAPES AND VANITY GIRDLES.

WERE busy buying Ascot frocks, and with them little waterproofs of coloured crepe de Chine, which fold up into nothing, and can be carried (almost) in the inner recesses of a handbag. Yes, we mean to go prepared this time.

The sweetest Ascot frocks I've so far seen are little unsophisticated-looking affairs of pleated lace. Accompanying them are Cardinal capes of lace lined with peach blossom ninnon to hold them by—telling them slip down to the waist, knotting them loosely on one shoulder or taken off and carried over one arm.

THE VANITY GIRDLE.

With lots of other novelties destined to brighten this, the sweet of the year, comes the vanity girdle. It is made of twisted cord, with here and there a mock jewel introduced. Finishing it off are two long, fat tassels, and you might be surprised at their heaviness if you didn't know that the head of one opens to reveal a perfume flask and the other a lip-stick!

VOILE AND TAFETTA.

This is going to be a voile year, as I've mentioned before, and the prettiest dress I saw at Murray's tea dance and dress parade was of taffeta allied to voile. Grass green taffeta, cool to look upon, with tight rows of stitching round the low bodice and hem to preserve the straight slim line.

QUANT DOUBLE SKIRT.

Reaching to the elbow came tight sleeves of the taffeta and



Just a wisp of petalled union, organ or tulle fashions her gala day summer frock.

then billowing out were wide ones of white voile patterned all over in wine-red tulips. A very full-overskirt of the voile came round the back by the wearer as she walked. I have seen many of these quaint double skirts, sometimes in black Spanish or Chantilly lace falling over white.

IN THE PICTURE.

I mustn't forget to add that the hat worn with this tulip frock was perfectly in the picture. It was a large poke bonnet affair of stretched green taffeta, out right away at the back, with a loose cluster of speckled red and amber tulips clustering against the neck on one side.

FRENCH FROCKS.

Yvonne Printemps, being a Frenchwoman, has an excellent clothes sense, and it's worth while going to "Le Veilleur de Nuit," not only to see her frocks, but how she wears them. A peach-coloured satin beauty, diamanté trimmed, is made in the backless style, which I notice is creeping into favour again. She also wears a three-piece ivory suit, with a fold-over skirt draped on to the left hip by a single ornament. Then another white, with this time a cluster of deep red roses at one side.

WHITE AND NAVY.

Another revival is that love of our youth, broderie Anglaise. At least one guest at the royal wedding wore this. One I noticed had a dress of it under a fastenerless coat of navy blue morocain, with a large square collar of the muslin worn outside the coat. PHILLIDA.



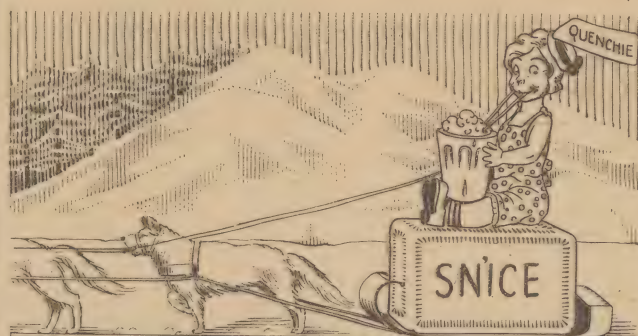
WHAT YOU'VE SPENT is spent; WHAT YOU'VE SAVED YOU STILL HAVE.

THE truth of this is so obvious that we pass it by. Meanwhile odd pennies, pence and shillings trickle away in profitless spending. What you've saved you still have—and if you put it into Savings Certificates and leave it there, you will have far more than you have saved. Stop spending thoughtlessly—give thought to saving and begin to-day.

In 10 years	
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J. Lyons & Co., Ltd.,

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- Ice Cream Sodas 5d
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- Peach Melbas - 6d
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- Pineapple, Strawberry, Mixed Fruit, etc.
- Parfaits - - - 1/-
- Frappees - - - 9d
- Various Fruit Flavours
- Banana Split - 9d
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THE QUALITY SHOE.
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THE LITTLE LADY

By ERIC MAXWELL

HOW THE STORY BEGAN.

IN Carnival-street, London, W., is—or was, for it has passed into other hands now—the flower shop known as Fleuret et Cie., tenanted by Barbara Crane, the orphan daughter of a lieutenant-colonel who had died during the war.

Barbara is aided in her business by Alec, a snub-nosed, freckled boy, and she cherishes the friendship of Peter Cowdrey, nephew of Lady Parminster, into whose net Barbara foolishly allowed herself to be drawn before choosing the way of independence.

The Little Lady.

It was during that period of irresponsibility that Barbara met Maurice van Rekken, a wealthy, worldly man, who endeavored to force his love upon her. The memory of that experience has always sent a shudder through the Little Lady since.

Still, Van Rekken is believed to have died abroad some three years ago, and Barbara is quite happy in her flourishing business in Peter's comradeship. He has twice proposed, but the Little Lady has gently refused him.

One night when Peter is supping with her Maurice van Rekken returns unexpectedly—back from the dead! He greets Barbara familiarly, and Peter, assuming he is a madman, is led to the door, where she meets Peter while on a shopping expedition, and he practically cuts her.

In a basket of flowers received from a flower farm in the South of France, Barbara comes upon a touching letter written by the proprietor, an unknown Englishman. He is desperately lonely, and after another humiliating scene with Van Rekken, she forms the plan of going out to join him, hoping thereby to forget some of her painful memories. She departs without seeing Peter, and is amazingly greeted as if she were expected when she reaches Les Cypres.

A STRANGE RECEPTION.

THE speaker was a man, heavily built, with a face just a little like that of a frog, so broad was his mouth. He wore a check cap, khaki shirt, breeches and leggings.

The Little Lady was half-frightened at this sudden visitation, half-amused at being called "the girl from London," which sounded like the title of a musical comedy. She was left stranded by this amazing coincidence, high and dry above all plans and resources. The opening seemed heaven-sent. Whatever the consequences she would see the matter through.

"Yes, I am," she said, "That yer box?"

"It is," he muttered. "Wait here a moment," the frog-faced man groined down the platform. Ignoring the ancient porter, he hoisted the trunk upon his shoulder and, with his free hand, imperiously beckoned the Little Lady in the direction of the road which lay, dusty white, beyond the station buildings. There waited against the kerb a chocolate-brown motor-car.

He dumped the trunk and suit-case in the back, motioned the Little Lady to the seat in front, jumped into his place, and the motor-car shot away to the right, followed by a cloud of dust.

"We thought you wasn't coming," he said. "Oh?"

"The guv'nor wired to put you off, but 'e was 'arf afraid it'd be too late."

"It was too late, you see," explained the Little Lady, getting a commendable grasp of the situation. "I'm here."

"You are," said the frog-faced man heartily, "and very nice, too!"

"I hope that Mr. Champignon won't send me away."

"I dunno."

She fell to silence as the car turned up between giant palm trees on to a white ribbon of road running uphill towards the grey ever-present mountains.

Behind them the sea stretched in all its beauty across the bay to Nice. The town of Les Cypres nestled like a jewel beside its harbour. Over its red and brown roofs rose twin towers of rosy pink stone, in which sweet-toned bells were ringing an afternoon peal. The sky was cloudless.

"Tidy view from here," commented the frog-faced man, and then seeing the Little Lady's expression of puzzlement: "Maybe you're wonderin' 'oo I am?"

"I did just wonder a little."

"My name's Jacko—Lond knows why—and I was the guv'nor's batman in Belgium. After the war I came down here as chauffeur and to look after the poultry. Ever been in these parts before?" She shook her head vigorously.

"You'll like it, you will—and I'm goin' to like you bein' 'ere. There ain't what you might call a servant 'all, but we live in the kitchen, and I get fat tired of the French chatter. The cook's a native, name of Clementine, and there's a sort of butler called Blaise. They 'ave a few children crawling around."

"Of course, the guv'nor's friend of mine, and I talks to 'im a good bit, but 'e's been kind of worried lately about Miss Aileen and her goings on. That's why he sent for you."

"The guv was nearly dead from worry and wired this Miss Primley of yours to the registry office, tellin' 'e got to be married. But that was only the day before yesterday, and 'e was afraid you might have started."

"So this morning 'e says to me: 'Jacko, you

better take the touring car down to Les Cypres to meet the three o'clock express, don't you suppose as 'ow the girl will come, but she might 'ave started, poor thing, and it'd be a mortal shame to leave 'er all alone down there, with 'er perhaps not speakin' a word of the lingo!'" He broke off suddenly and stared at her with such rapt admiration that the car almost collided with a market cart.

"Am I—what you expected?" she said timidly, determined to sound Jacko as far as possible.

The chauffeur grinned. "Well, not exactly. But these days you never know who is in service. You dresses very nicely for a lady's maid, I do declare. I suppose that 'avin' to do with ladies 'as that kind of effect on you."

He stopped speaking and peered closer at her. "And, strike me, you're as pretty as a picture. Fancy me not noticin' that!"

He went on chatting companionably until the car slowed down.

"There's the Villa Izzydore," said Jacko, noisily changing the gear. "That white building with the tower that you can see between the trees."

The Little Lady followed the direction of his pointing finger. There she could see a great white house, glimpsed between the swaying branches of those little fir trees, plantations of which grew beside the road. The chauffeur continued:

"If you love flowers, Miss—Miss—excuse me, but what is your name?"

"Parker," she replied, inventing.

"Well, if you're fond of flowers, Miss Parker, you'll find enough and to spare here. They grows under frames—carnations, roses, jasmine, anemones, and so on. But the roses and carnations 'aven't got the smell of a good old English cabbage rose or a border of pinks, like

the roses at home."

He pointed to a small, white, two-story house with a red-tiled roof, which stood on a hillside overlooking the sea. The house was surrounded by a garden with many flowers.

"That's the Villa Izzydore," he said. "It's a very nice house, and it's very comfortable. You'll like it, I think."

"Yes, I think I shall," she said. "Thank you very much for showing me the way."

"You're welcome," he said. "If you need anything, just let me know. I'll be glad to help you."

"Thank you very much," she said. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," he said. "I'll be seeing you again soon."

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He led his charge round the corner of the house, through the front door, and he lay paved in red hexagonal tiles, cool and shady after the prevailing glare.

Here he hoisted the trunk on to his shoulder and conducted the Little Lady up a flight of shallow stairs, along a passage, to the door of her room.

The shutters of that room were closed, so that, at first, she could barely make out its furnishing. But when Jacko, with uncommon energy, let in the sunlight, she found a pleasant apartment with cream distempered walls, a little bed, a fumed oak dressing-table and so on, simply furnished, but fresh and clean. And, wonder of wonders, in the corner stood a white china wash-basin with shining hot and cold taps.

"I feel like a real lady," she said, in a first attempt to play her part correctly.

"Nice little room," commented Jacko. "But all the rooms 'ere are the same. Fit for the Upper Ten. The room next to this belonged to the guv's wife. No one is allowed in there."

His tone was sad. Then he brightened. "I 'ope everything's to your liking, Miss Parker. You'd like to tidy up, I don't doubt. So I'll buzz off. See you in 'arf an hour's time, when I'll call you down to lunch," with which he waved his check cap and disappeared.

"Well, I never!" said Barbara Crane (alias Parker), and flopped on to the little bed. The fairy house was surprisingly convenient.

She rubbed her eyes as if she expected to awaken from a dream. But it was not so. The remarkable reception at the Villa Isadore—and nothing but Divine Providence could have made things so easy for her.

Terrified as she was of meeting Champignon and explaining, as best she might, his arrival, she, nevertheless, experienced a little thrill of pleasure at the nearness of him, at the intimacy of being in his house, sitting on a bed owned by him.

She rose to her feet and indulged in her first good wash for two days. The warm water was wonderfully clean and sweet, the soap verberna-scented, which recalled memories of a nameless American of yesterday. But was it only yesterday that she had driven in a yellow taxi-cab to Paris? It seemed part of another life, something sweet, remote, unimportant.

She was recalled to actuality by the question of clothes. What should she wear? What would Champignon expect of a servant?

An examination of the trunk yielded only the little blue velvet frock, which had white cuffs and collar of a Puritan order. Her salvation lay in the little green apron from the shop in Carnival-street, which she had packed for reasons of sentiment. By the time that Jacko came to thunder at her door she was ready for her fate, and had made up her mind that the safest thing to do was to say nothing.

"You look a treat," he assured her. He did not remark on the unorthodoxy of her get-up, so she hoped that the uniform of domestics differed before a garage, in the light woods of France, and wild Irishman.

"Op 'on," commanded the voluble Jacko. She hopped.

AT THE VILLA ISADORE.

"A FAIRY house!" thought Barbara Crane (alias Parker), as she followed Jacko between tall hedges of briar.

The Villa Isadore was curiously built. It stood straight and tall, rising from the green masses of orange flowers which blossomed about its feet. Its walls were pitted with windows—windows with wide sills and barred shutters.

On the eastward side French windows opened on to a rialto of white concrete, beyond which lay a square pool in the form of a Roman bath with steps running down to its green-yellow depths.

The roof was flat, crowned in the centre by a square tower about fifteen feet in height, which in turn possessed a flat roof crowded with motley deck chairs.

The private flower garden lay about the fish pool on the side of the sea. At its far corner stood a loggia of tall pillars with a roof of the prevalent lilac hue. About this summer-house roamed purple and white bindweed in barbaric profusion.

"A fairy house!" repeated the Little Lady to herself, and half-expected some character from Grimm or Andersen to stride towards her.

"Not a bad place," exclaimed the chauffeur proudly. "All the guv'nor's handiwork. 'E designed every stick and stone himself."

"He has a true eye for beauty," said the Little Lady—and fell silent, because now that she was Parker she must live up, or down, to her supposed status. Happily Jacko was so full of enthusiasm and so anxious to act the showman that he paid very little attention to her.

He led his charge round the corner of the house, through the front door, and he lay paved in red hexagonal tiles, cool and shady after the prevailing glare.

Here he hoisted the trunk on to his shoulder and conducted the Little Lady up a flight of shallow stairs, along a passage, to the door of her room.

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This is Where a Corn Hurts You



at the Root!

Cutting the top of a corn off with a razor or burning it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc., doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning.

Also it hurts and the root just sprouts right up again, so your corn soon has a brand new top making it bigger and more painful than ever. The top is only dead skin anyway. The business end of a corn is the little pointed part or core that extends down into the toe. That is what hurts when it presses on sensitive nerves, and it is the part you have to get out. A good handful of **Rudel Bath Saltrates** dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water will soften corns and callouses, like water softens soap. Just soak them in this for a while, then take hold of the corn with your fingers and out it will come root and all. The refined **Rudel Bath Saltrates** costs very little, and any chemist will have it. A half-pound is sufficient to rid the whole family of all foot troubles.

4 out of 5

Four people out of every five over forty, and thousands younger, are victims of Pyorrhea.

Does that include you? These figures though startling are accurate statistics which your dentist will verify.

Used consistently and in time, Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea or check its course. Use it as a dentifrice. It keeps the teeth and gums clean and healthy.

Economical to use—get it at all chemists.

Or send 2/6 for long-lasting tube to **THE GUMS, CHRYSTIE & CO., Ltd., Old Broad Lane, London, E.C. 4.**

Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

Brush your teeth with it



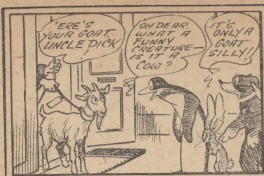
Specimen in package for the dentist

The Magnificent Saloon Steamer
'ROYAL SOVEREIGN.'
Leaves Old Swan Pier Daily at 9 a.m. (Fridays excepted) for
SOUTHERN, MARGATE and RAMSGATE
Calling Greenwich and North Woolwich.
The 8.55 a.m. **CLACTON & WALTON** Steamer Service commences Sat., June 23.
Particulars—47, Swan Lane, London Bridge, E.C.

R. D. Vickers (Greenville)	79	81-160
F. Robson (Cocden Beach)	82	78-160

When two boys were fined 45s. each at Leigh (Lancashire) yesterday for releasing railway brakes it was stated they caused £200 damage by releasing the brakes of twelve coal-wagons, which ran down an incline and crashed into other wagons.

Wilfred at the Barber's: Page 11. See



The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

Tear out page 11 and—

—give it to the children.

GUESTS AT THE WEDDING OF LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE TO THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER



The King and Queen with Queen Alexandra and the Dowager Empress Marie of Russia.



The Earl of Eltham (left), brother of the bride, Lady Diana Somerset and Lord Molyneux.



The Marquis of Worcester and his bride photographed after the wedding ceremony.



Left to right: Lord Lascelles, Lord Lonsdale, the Countess of Athlone and Lady Patricia Ramsay.

There was a most brilliant gathering for the wedding of Lady Mary Cambridge and the Marquis of Worcester at St. Margaret's, Westminster, yesterday. Besides the Royal

Family, a host of distinguished guests and relatives of the bride and bridegroom were present, among them Lord Lonsdale, who is lending Lowther Castle for the honeymoon.



Lady Mary Cambridge leaving her home for her wedding yesterday.